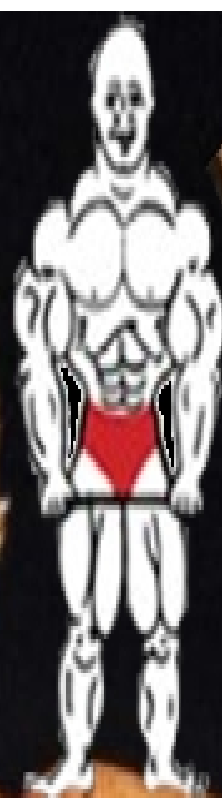


GO VEGAN
AND DIE

NO SUGAR ADDED / PAS DE SUCRE AJOUTÉ

BIGTM

WEIGHT GAIN / GAGNER DU POIDS



HELL-TH

AN INDICTMENT OF THE [ILL]HEALTH AND [UN]FITNESS INDUSTRY

Hell-th: An indictment of the (ill) health and (un)fitness industry

PART 1: DIE-ITS, KOSHER FOOD FOR KALI

Throughout my life of psychopathology I have been haunted by the 'aesthetic (and ascetic) ideal' put forth in various forms of media from bodybuilding and martial arts books and magazines to 'Eastern' and 'Western' philosophy and esoteric tradition. This impossibly attainable ideal has served as an archetype both an object of veneration as well as one of torment and an underlying inferiority complex that has plagued me for life destroying many possibilities that would have enriched an otherwise impoverished life – impoverished in terms of lived experience and human interactions relegating me to the shadows of society as a perpetual outsider both too fearful owing to this sense of inadequacy and too lacking in the appropriate unctuousity to grease the necessary palms, talk dirty and influence people while 'getting to yes'.

It has been my misfortune to always meet with a 'no' to all strivings for accomplishments which have borne merely the pits and husks of a fruitless harvest. Thus it may fairly be said that this archetype implanted in my super-consciousness (for it has always been my blessing and curse to be possessed of a hypersensitivity that amplified the meaning of life, seeing the 'great in the small' or the universal in the particular) has been the unattainable ideal which has coerced me in a sense to forsake present possibilities for future impossibilities, the 'tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow' when all is in a state of as not yet envisioned heights of self-development, in other words 'man perfected', the Icarian flight of fantasy crashing to earth in a flaming wreckage of incompatible parts and burnt out gears.

Thus time flies when you're not having fun and the sands in the hourglass cascade into oblivion on the scythe of Chronos who sits patiently awaiting a harvest of souls from a life lived purely as a hopeful waiting in the wings seeking entrance past the velvet curtain onto the stage of life. The sad irony of course is that the stage is accessible – but only through alternate routes – not waiting to adopt the role of a Caesar or a King Richard but merely as an extra – the cards dealt one by fate. For Caesar was destined to die though wearing the laurel wreath, while the peasants in the fields were ensured on average a longer and perhaps better life away from the intrigues of the patricians in their palatial suites. Thus this exercise in theurgical futility led to one's downfall – seeking to become a living aesthetic god he rather became the living dead whose future possibilities were extinguished through the striving after and maintenance of the impossible dreams of Mount Olympus.

What, it may be asked, is the ultimate cause of these dietary, cultural, and physical pathologies: body dysmorphism; anorexia; obsessive compulsive [dis]orders; inferiority complexes, etc.? All of these behavioural/psychosocial problems have a common root and this can be evidenced through the proponents of these 'ideals', the ideologues who seek to sow these seeds into the furrows of one's mind as a means of creating confusion over the unattainability of these prescribed ideals of 'health', physical. sexual/spiritual prowess, in short the 'ideal state' or 'man perfected', the becoming a living god, a light bearer which inevitably results in the creation of a

satanic figure, living in an inharmonious state – as a mind/body/spirit complex in a state of inner chaos in adhering to these ideologues' prescriptions which are deliberately contrived to harm, a black magic of evil intent.

These black magicians are they who the broad masses have been coerced through endless brow beating and Pavlovian conditioning in the media these mages control, to be wilfully ignorant of their oppressors – to be ignorant even of the fact of their own ignorance in a downward psychopathological spiral of cognitive dissonance. Pointing out this elephant in the room to the blind masses is a futile task indeed but in spite of all opposition truth dictates that the finger must be squarely pointed at the ultimate cause of the invention of this 'aesthetic ideal' and all of the dietary and physical culture psychopathologies that stem from it as source, a veritable River Styx: they who control the world (as of this willing) and have for many hundreds of years increasingly since making inroads to Europe; who have used their 'power of the purse' to buy titles, monopolize trade, consolidate power through corruption of the establishment through freemasonry and Christianity.

They stand before one and are everywhere and yet lurking in secrecy are nowhere. They are the hidden hand who pulls the economic, legal, and informational strings of the apparatus of the universalist imperium that enslaves the broad masses of the world who slumber in ignorant bliss as they are shorn of their wool through taxes and inevitably led to the slaughter once no longer an exploitable resource.

This eternal parasite which has plagued their hosts throughout the ages has established these aesthetic ideals as a mechanism of mind control which is used to perpetuate the servitude of the broad masses.

Behold the eternal Jew, incorrigible tyrant and agent of genocide of all things noble and beautiful in the world. This plagues rat is the cause of this perversion of the health of traditional society's into Hell-th, the Satanization of the physical as a precondition of the Satanization of the spiritual, for 'as above so below' and spirit and matter are one.

What better place to begin that at the beginning, that is to say when I first stumbled upon the formula for my unhappiness, the origin of my psychopathology, a Muscle and Fitness magazine at a yard sale at the age of fourteen. I had already noticed a year before that formal exercise seemed necessary to maintain a certain body composition and that 'exercise' was an ethical imperative – thus I knew to the depths of my Aryan soul, the call of the blood which cried out 'plicht zur gesundheit' ('obligation to be healthy'), the imperative of salubrious living which has perennially been the property of Aryan man from the gymnosophists of ancient India to the gymnastike of the Greeks, the colliseum and gladiatorial competitions of the Romans to the gridiron, wrestling ring and octagon of modern gladiatorial spectacle. Even these latter are signs of decadence, however a decadence instigated by the presence of the Jewish criminal which had, like the scum, floated to the surface of society through its monopolization of trade and intermarriage (contamination) with the Aryan nobility – that corruption which led to the downfall of every society it had invaded.

So too at that time stumbling upon that bodybuilding magazine published by the Jewish creator of narcissistic bodybuilding Joe (Jew) Weider, founder and creator of the international federation of bodybuilding. The aesthetic ideal I bore witness to within the pages of that magazine was as a lucifer fallen from heaven wreathed in the false light of empty promise: the masculine archetype sought by all healthy-minded heterosexual males: boys and teenagers seeking to attain maturity and become who they are – to reify the ideal and thereby evolving themselves out of themselves, reach for the stars. This false promise of heroism instilled in my mind the body dismorphic psychopathology which would ultimately lead me to living a life in the shadows, a broken outcast beset with an inferiority complex and social anxiety disorder. Of course these were already a presence however they were compounded and amplified through this journey along a broad and winding path to psychological perdition.

Upon reading and obsessively re-reading the magazine I came to the realization for a greater need for protein, according to the requirements prescribed therein which I in my naiveté unthinkingly followed. Prior to this point I had been following a vegan diet of rice and beans and perhaps some lean meat hoping that this would have been the way – a directive of the Bruce Lee book I had purchased. This 'oriental prescription' was given a massive propaganda boost in the Jewish media, as to prescribe any non-white philosophy or modus vivendi was a means of supplanting the traditions of the Aryan with any and everything besides. However, stumbling upon the muscle magazine was of greater appeal as it prescribed more of a strength component and thus had greater appeal than the artful guile of orientalism prescribed in the Bruce Lee archetype.

Hence the focus was shifted given that there was no ready access to martial arts expertise either and I sat gazing at the 'picture of Dorian [Yates]' and seeing myself attain the level of the superman from my as yet feeble teenage physique.

The magazine (like all muscle magazines which are entirely owned by Jews (Steve Blechmann, of Muscular Development; Joe Weider, et. al, Flex, Muscle and Fitness; Robert Kennedy, Muscle Mag International) a vehicle of both destructive propaganda and of sales of equally or greater destructive merchandise) had ads for 'mega mass 2000' a 'weight gainer'. I ordered tubs of this product (whey, a possible discard of animal products processing plants).

Nevertheless, it was Kosher approved after all and therefore must be desirable. I was following a diet to be 'ripped' (the title of Clarence Bass's book, as advertised in the muscle and fitness mag) and hence had nothing but puffed wheat which presumably caused some stunting of growth in addition to nutrient deficiencies. I then switched towards a tuna and rice diet and this constituted the staple for a few years to come – white rice and tuna were the only items of my diet for a considerable time as Joe Weider's videos prescribed this lower fat approach. I suffered through the horrors of difficult digestion of cold rice and tuna as the tortures of a Loki having poison drip upon my digestive tract while I laboriously imbibed this nutrient-poor repast which I actually found palatable enough given my Spartan lifestyle, following the bodybuilding prescriptions as outlined in the Jewish magazines that I religiously leafed through as a True Believer in the credo aesthetica turning my small room into a virtual shrine of

bodybuilding imagery taped to the walls with the central focus being the weight bench.

Unfortunately as with the Bruce Lee book, the 'heroes' put forth in the magazines were predominantly negroes as the Jews used this platform to display their archetypes and maliciously intended to establish the negro as their 'animal ideal' or standard which the white males were supposed to venerate as their impossible ideal. However darkened my vision was by this barrage of figures I still retained to some hazy extent the picture of Dorian Yates in my subconscious.

As time progressed I ventured into my 'extreme'/hard-core vehicles of this propaganda, the 'Muscle Mag International' and 'Muscular Development' magazines which drew me progressively towards a correspondingly 'hard-core' diet – one of wheat bread, steak, and prunes. Seeing that this increased my body fat excessively (probably through excessive calories) I eventually reduced the amount of steak substituting it for chicken, bread, shredded wheat, tuna, etc. An acquaintance of mine from a time when I still had 'friends' of a sort upon seeing what I was eating commented 'that's animal food' which was anathema to me and my bodybuilding religion, given that I had no understanding of anything considered 'normal' outside of this and thus looked upon all food outside of this as 'satanic' though only on an emotional, non-verbal level.

It was this purity that I was convinced would bring me, minimizing contact with others given the influence of my drunken baby-boomer, prodigal son, deadbeat 'dad' whose gas-lighting trauma induced in me the social anxiety which only found itself compounded in the false light of the aesthetic ideal and its causality – the means being dietary regulation and formal exercise regimens leading up the mountain summit to the peak, this god- man superman figure who is the living god, the self-apotheosis of the feeble mortal. Always seeking progress I continued along the path.

For more reasons of psychopathology I descended into a body dysmorphic spiral leading to anorexia. I had gotten addicted to ephedra pills which I convinced myself were necessary to attain the 'aesthetic ideal' and, through the physiological mechanism of addiction ended up observing blood in my faecal matter through continued use over a course of many months as well as feeling as if a heart attack were immanent through the acceleration of heart rate that accompanies its use.

Thus I ceased this supplement addiction but in its place I could not maintain the body composition I had through the use of the supplement which reduced my body fat below 5 per cent. I then developed anorexia and went on a calorie restriction diet that led to probable brain damage (this at the age of nineteen). One thousand, three hundred calories were consumed as the daily fare owing to my having taken the 'rocket fuel of Icarus', fat burners, which led to the dimming of my consciousness by the Jews through their media. Recognizing this I understood the necessity of calories to a greater extent than before and (again according to the prescriptions outlined in the muscle magazines) I went to the other extreme also perhaps out of a desire to rectify the starvation through a feast to overcome the famine, having 5,200 calories per day. Initially I put on body fat but after a year went from 129 to 185 pounds of solid muscle. I was closer to attaining the aesthetic ideal.

The picture of Dorian Yates looked down upon me from over the fireplace challenging me to aspire to new aesthetic heights. In order to maintain this new regimen it was necessary to consume (within my poorly thought out calculations) three and a half pounds of fish per day in addition to my rice, olive oil, and almonds with the obligatory small quantities of green vegetables on the side with a calcium tablet per meal as this increased fat burning though of course causing a calcification of the soft tissues which I then knew nothing of. The six meals a day left my digestive tract a pressurized container of gas and bloat.

The lack of digestibility of this food was borne out in the whole rice grains which, though cooked, made their way into the toilet. This ordeal of stuffing after that of starving lasting for a few years at one time culminating in six cans a day of salmon which resulted in the development of an allergy that led to vomiting upon scenting salmon when I opened a can and couldn't tolerate the smell. At this tipping point I recognized it was time for a change.

Somewhere within this time I attempted a vegan diet, that is a diet devoid of animal products as I had prior to the infection of my mind with this mental virus of 'body[dismorphic]building'. It failed however as it was excessively high fat and wouldn't enable the preservation of the muscle I desired to maintain in devotion to my aesthetic totem, this idealized self. Recognizing the insufferable nature of this volume of food and its unsustainability also in terms of financial cost I had recourse to a diminution in both volume and quality being reduced to oats mixed with peanut butter and tuna in a mason jar. The raw oats were largely indigestible resulting in massive flatulence. I thus omitted them and had recourse to a predominantly ketogenic diet or at least a low carb diet.

I refer to this particular form of diet as my 'masonic sacrifice' as I continued to sacrifice myself to myself on the altar of this ideal. This went along tolerably well for a time while I reduced my exercise as my focus shifted towards other matters. However once the promise of a military career presented itself I increased my exercise and also felt the need of increasing the carbohydrate quantity to compensate for energy loss.

Thus I entered into my 'crumb bum' phase following the cheapest diet of tuna with a tablespoon of olive oil accompanied by a bread-like dough of wheat flour dipped in peanut butter with again the obligatory calcium tablet and green leafy vegetable on the side with dates and orange juice with whey post-workout. This regimen was maintained for a time until I began to question this dogma at basic training where I was forced through time constraints to consume eggs, the bane of healthy leaving according to previous Weider dogma.

The saturated fat/cholesterol phobia was introduced through distorted research by a Jew name Ancel Keys who served as the poster boy of this campaign surreptitiously designed to strike at the heart of 'Western' Aryan man through removing these essential dietary elements (above) and supplanting them with nutritionally poor and oxidative stress-inducing polyunsaturated oils, false plastic fats (margarine) and high starch diets (diets which I was to labour under the yolk of in future years leading to debilitation and dysfunction).

Given the poor digestibility of starches I had attempted seemingly every permutation and combination of dietary structure as a means of including this 'dietary staple' the necessity of which was beyond question in this dietary dogma of low fat, high carb – or at least no saturated fat/cholesterol.

Eventually, through digestive storm and stress brought about by the harshness of grains, especially when cooked with insufficient water and for an insufficient time period.

Given their minimal calorie-to-volume ratio I had attempted to preserve the calorie yield such that the energy lasted over time by not over-hydrating the grain (almost invariably rice). It thus was perhaps harsher than it needed to be though still 'properly cooked' according to conventional standards.

Nevertheless the creation of massive internal pressure often occurred but I had standards of my own to preserve that of 'maximizing muscle, minimizing [body] fat' and the kosher bodybuilding tax had to be paid in full through flatulence and bloat. At this point however I had enough and reflecting back on my 'masonic [food] sacrifice' of tuna plus peanut butter in a mason jar I decided to once again enter into the holy temple (sepulchre) of dietary madness and jettison the Weider dogma for that of Vince Gironda, the 'wild physique' proponent of the steak and eggs diet. This I stumbled upon through internet research still seeking the holy grill stone [ground flour] of destiny that would raise me to the status of Olympus, of the hero figures of the nascence of bodybuilding culture the physical culturalists (incidentally given much media representation by the Jewish mind manipulators such as Weider, Joe Gold, Bill Pearl, etc.). Hence I researched with scholarly devotion the 'keto[dys]genic' diet studying with veneration the writings of pseudo-scientist Lyle MacDonald and his book of the same name, a work which largely derived itself from the Jew Atkins and his prescription of a low to no carbohydrate diet. As a side note this medical pioneer fell victim to his own prescription dying at a relatively young age of a heart attack brought on by excess fat and animal protein.

At this time I was ignorant of this blinded as I was by the false light of ketosis placing me into a mental stupor, a 'night-side of Eden' wherein consciousness percolated at a dull level lacking the sun of mind that glucose confers as the preferred fuel for metabolism contrary to the claims of the keto people. Extremist that I am I plunged into the diet and plumbed its depths over the next two years. I adopted a pseudonym for my internet forum Paleo Hacks 'personman', perhaps a dimly conscious tip of the hat to the evolutionary process latent in every man and which I embodied as a struggler along life's dietary path seeking to climb the mountain towards the peaks of apotheosis basking and suntanning in the light of the graven images of Gironda and Yates, of Culter and Priest.

Everything that could be imagined was experimented with in these two years (and beyond) with the consumption of vinegar to whole (cooked) garlic bulbs as testosterone boosters to the Herculean labours of dietary practice – meals of mealworms, cheese block celebrations celebrating the 'great gathering' of box store thefts from Wal-Mart, etc. as well as the consumption of butcher scraps and even a

raw pig's foot. Eight hundred dozen eggs, eight hundred pounds of raw ground beef, four hundred pounds of butter and much raw liver constructed this labour of self-sacrifice as I struggled heroically through this two-year period without vegetables or fruit and without carbohydrates.

The obsessive involvement on Paleohacks and Raw Paleo diet forum led to the daily diet being comprised of 4 meals: 1) 12 raw egg yolks with 70 grams butter and 12 coffee beans; 2) 8 ounces ground beef with butter again and turmeric mixed with the meat; 3) 12 cooked egg whites with shredded coconut and herbs and spices (especially powdered garlic); 4) a repeat of #2 with a piece of baker's chocolate. This diet was heavily supported by the Jewish propaganda of Paleohacks which was run by a race traitor liberal who banned me for attempting to raise awareness of the Jews. Sadly I myself had fallen victim to the Jews and another of their dietary pitfalls, the inevitable cancer diet – just ask Atkins.

Eventually this diet also led to its own destruction ('destroyed itself' in Marxist parlance) as adrenal fatigue, a near dysfunctional body that could only struggle through cardio and had minimal ability even in weightlifting, resulted in my understanding the necessity of the incorporation of carbohydrates. At this time I had stumbled upon research which led me to call into question the 'purity' of the ketogenic diet not only in terms of the health of meat and dairy (leukemia, cancer, acidification of the body, etc. especially in high amounts) but in terms of a reliance on an inefficient energy system, that of ketosis, gluconeogenesis (in the event of excess protein), and beta oxidation (free substrate fatty acid).

Continuing my researches I discover the true path towards the promised land of health and wellness – still haunted by the picture of Dorian Yates in the nether regions of my consciousness.

This led me to the next phase where health became even more of a concern as the infallibility of youth was questioned though the degeneration induced by the 'keto[dys]genic' diet. The source which had led me away from meat prescribed a vegetarian diet (vegan plus ghee) and its well-intentioned author was probably sacrificed for his revelations within the next two years which followed one Andreas Moritz whose 'Timeless Secrets of Health and Rejuvenation' also served as a vehicle of n[ew] age philosophy. Through exposure to his videos I look up the 'vee-gun die-it' and became a convert and ideological crusader for a diet now divorced of animal products which I came to be a true believer in through a few days of experimentation and devotional research.

This ushered in the next phase of my quest for 'man perfected' pursuant of my aesthetic (and aescetic) ideal. The mantra was 'join us or die' and all animal products were sinful agents of health karma that precipitated the so-called 'Western' (Judaized) black magic disease states of coronary artery disease, type 2 diabetes, strokes, cancer, etc. They were thus the devil's food and were stricken from the list of the permissible. Even the 'spoor' of animal food was to be considered that of the devil himself (salmonella, etc.). This phase was a 6 ½ year testament to a failure to make the 'vee-gun die-it' work.

Initially shocked and amused, I stumbled upon the fruity-terrean' die-it, which was a fruit holocaust of 6,000,000 bananas a life-span. The You-tube channels of Durian Rider became to some extent merged with the haunting picture of Dorian Yates – became an amalgam of the youthful striving of

Prometheus, of Icarus and the mature prudence of a Pythagoras, a spiritually enlightened master of nutrition and health, of 'natural hygiene', yet another lifestyle practice I had discovered in my gropings on the internet, the post-modern Akashic record of Jewgle wherein all the pundits and gurus gathered to preach the gospel of optimal health and global love and peace. The work of Moritz, its alternate title 'Fear Porn and Animal Rites: Timeless Secretions of Hell and Resurrection', discovered a kindred daemon in the form of rabbi Gabby Cousin's 'Satanic Nutrition and the Rainbow Die-it' a certified kosher tract which prescribed a lower carb emphasis, a ketosis for vegans. Not wanting to overload my digestive tract with starch I gravitated towards this work and prayed with devotion over its tenants supplicating the daemons the rabbi had invoked to prescribe me a dietary to banish my sins of transgression of past false dietary religions. Copious research into this low carb raw organic purity diet led to its supplement of the Essene Zadokite food priests Kulvinskaskas and his 'Survival in the 20th Century' and Clement and Wigmore's magical ability to conjure magic enzymes out of raw sprouts.

I thus became a Sproutarian, ketogenic low carb raw vegan and gorged myself on avocados, nuts, seeds, sprouts, etc...until I had an epiphany that these Jewish mind manipulators were again exerting their Pavlovian conditioning upon me, influencing my mind with their teachings of [de]men. This awareness dawned through the hazy mists of my consciousness into the full light that carbs were again necessary as I could hardly perform cardio or lift weights in such a carb depleted state. I thus returned to Durian Rider – and the prescriptions of the spine doctor Doug Graham who propounded the opposite thesis of 'eighty ten ten' parameters. Enter in the 'starch pollution' of the Jewdeo-Christard and probable high level Mason Dr. Johnny McDougall. Pots of rice and oats and lentils a day left me very slim and trim albeit having the distended belly of a starving Ethiopian which made life a very uncomfortable time indeed. Also following the prescriptions of coffee enemas which led to adrenal fatigue and caffeine addiction compounded the discomfort, labouring under this ascetic protocol I underwent a year and a half of fasting for a 24-36 hour period weekly during this 'veegun' purification period. Purification was the mantra that I chanted every moment of conscious awareness filling the place I stayed with fresh air, ozone gas, and infrared heat lamp saunas. The fasting was undergone on water and left my intestines feeling like a bag of clothes jumbled up within my ribcage.

Copious sweating and shaking further purified me of my demons. Even in spite of this perpetual devotion to this old yet new salubrious ideal of aesthetic/aescetic character led to my becoming degenerated through lack of adequate amino acids, fingernails becoming nearly inverted, and muscle mass becoming comparatively degenerated. This necessitated (after a 3-year interval with only one interruption – I had sensed it wasn't working but bulled ahead in spite of my better judgment) a serious question of the vegan dogma – were animal products really so bad after all?

Was Satan not misunderstood? Perhaps that dark figure with pitchfork and horns was not merely the outer symbol or mask of an inner truth warding off the unworthy, those who were blinded by the lower states of consciousness – fear, hate, and aggressive hostility to all of that not-self, not vegan? Perhaps this was rather the false idol this vegan icon before whom I had prostrated myself and would have made myself into a veritable god of dietary apotheosis, the picture of Dorian Yates, of Durian Rider, of an Essene Zadonite priest, of an ascetic guru on a lone mountain top. Perhaps Dorian Yates and Girona required reclamation from the pit of perdition into which they had been relegated.

Thus I jumped off the vegan wagon before it flew off the cliff and remained on the mountain, though nowhere near the top. It was at this time that I stumbled upon the Kabbalistic ruminations of yet another guru, Mr. (Dr.) Wilson, whose perpetual concealment of the amount of calories and explicit dietary protocols sent me on a journey to plumb the depths of his copious Talmudic scribings upon cooked vegetables and coffee enemas. I understood the seeming necessity of animal products given my physical degeneration under the false dogma of veganism but still was uncertain as to how to implement it. His food combining regime seemed correct and this sent me down a blind alley of understanding proper food combining and meal structuring which made life extremely tedious and seemingly never settled as no definitive plan could be found – I had not yet discovered the truth and the light!

Another quasi-solution to the problems the Jewish gurus and mind manipulators had set before me were the nourishing traditions of the learned elders of WAPF, the teachings of a Jew called Weston A. Price which prescribed a template based on empirical researches of global populations of people following traditional lifestyles and correlative diets. This seemed accurate to me and I decided to adhere to it as far as this was possible in conjunction with all the previous gnosis garnered through the dialectical process of contrasting and comparing in terms of sensation and reflection. However the food combining advocacy of Mr. Wilson threw a monkey wrench in the plans. Researching further I attempted to give a ketogenic diet another attempt, this time having less protein to avoid gluconeogenesis and thereby remaining in ketosis. Sickness resulted and the ketogenic gurus disinformation was confirmed as such.

Upon further research over the next two to three years I was vegan again, high carb, less high carb, ketogenic again a couple of times – 2 days, 1 day, etc. The dialectic teeter totter became a circus ride of madness as I found no peace within the chaos of an unsettled life. Unbalanced and upset by the surfeit of gurus, statistical biases, falsified pseudo-scientism, n[j]ew age Satanic spirituality and preaching of death (living dead existence). Reading and re-reading all of the file folders of print outs and books by the gurus led to my becoming largely dysfunctional and ill-suited to life. I thus became a shut-in recluse who lived within the confines of a realm of my own creation threatened by the knowledge of the Jew world order and its omnipresence which impinged upon me from all sides and which was the cause of my problem in the first place.

Perhaps I will never fully understand the means to the aesthetic ideal and will search gropingly along the mountain as I meander up and down its craggy rocks seeking to ascend to higher planes embodying the aesthetic ideal as the armour of god to attain the immanent transcendence of the god-man. Know this o' reader, that I have attained at least this knowledge: that any Icarian flight from tradition will lead only to a descent into madness and death. The Jew is anti-tradition; the Aryan is a creator of traditions. No kosher diet can be good for optimizing the Aryan ideal which may not exist in the picture of Dorian Yates but does so within the heart and mind of all Aryans. An authentic life based upon traditions, those harkening back to Atlantis and Egypt are clearly the path towards the summit of Olympus.

Part 2:

EXERSUS: THE HERCULEAN LABOURS OF SISYPHUS or HOW WORKING OUT... WORE ME OUT

What initiated me into the mysteries of body dysmorphic psychopathology were the 'media models': action heroes in the virtual reality of video games and Jewish Hollywood. This created a desire in me to exercise as prolonged lethargy for one year past quitting hockey led to a shift in body composition away from the former lean/ripped quality of youth to that of a slightly more doughy physique. Upon detection of this state I made the decision to 'exercise', how I knew not but I was insistent upon finding out and so stumbled upon a compilation of Bruce Lee's writings having watched some of his movies, the prescription of orientalism in Jewish Hollywood. This, in conjunction with a muscle and fitness magazine I discovered provided me with a glimpse at the aesthetic ideal, the picture of Dorian Yates.

A negro slave of Joe Weider the magazine's creator was put forth as the 'anti-hero' in relation to the white Mr. Olympia Yates but the latter lingered in my subconscious in spite of this representing the 'call of the blood' of racial consciousness and identification, of authenticity.

Accordingly I purchased a Joe Weider bench with weights and performed sets of 150 pound leg curls multiplied by 100 reps as a routine occurrence. I loaded the bench press which crushed my rib cage (without any lasting damage). I had no body fat and would do multiple workouts a day on a diet of rice and tuna, at times nothing but puffed wheat and would pump away with my 'mosquito weight', a small dumbbell I would do endless arm curls with in addition to endless crunches and other exercises, sessions sometimes lasting two and a half hours in length and never taking a break.

This was the time of adhering to the crypto-Jew Robert Kennedy's, protocols from his 'Muscle Mag [community] International' magazine with his showcase of non-white anti-hero figures. I researched at this time into the history of bodybuilding and its Aryan predecessor 'physical culture' which led me to question the value of 'pumper exercise' and place even greater emphasis on the major muscle group compound, most muscle mass, low rep-higher set protocols (deadlifts, squats, overhead presses) mainly utilizing barbells and free weights and eschewing machines. Seeking the 'natural' form of exercise in tandem with the 'natural' diet I disconnected myself from

the shackle of mainstream bodybuilding and its emphasis on 'pumping' iron for muscular hypertrophy. It was here that aesthetics ceased to become the emphasis and power became more incorporated into the heroic ideal amalgam, relegating aesthetics to a secondary role.

Perhaps this was my breaking out of the egg of kosher mind control and seeing the truth for the first time. It was at this time through my researches that I became aware of the Jewish influence upon exercise as an institution and how they had poisoned the well of an otherwise salubrious institution which became merely a vehicle of malgenics and genocide through the psychopathologization of men's minds (as well but to a lesser extent of women) through inducing and inculcating in their consciousness an impossibly attainable aesthetic ideal what I have here dubbed the 'picture of Dorian Yates' which haunts the mind of the aspirant to this apogee of physicality and which materializes the spirit, dragging down into lead the philosophical gold of the spirit and preventing its apotheosis on earth as it is in heaven, in short creating a living hell on earth – adrenal fatigue, cancer states, heart attacks, and strokes.

However in my typical zealous extremism of religiosity I made this experience (and experiment) an indelibly affecting one: multiple weight sessions per day with heavy compound exercises – squats and deadlifts on a concrete floor, walking around with a 60 pound weight vest daily for 45 minutes, and doing other accessory exercises such as neck, calf, and forearm training. My schedule and routine constituted an extreme regime of daily exertion within a keto[dys]genic context. This however led to adrenal fatigue and spasming sides around where my kidneys were located. I recognized I had pushed too far and that a reduction in volume was necessary – in fact I couldn't continue the pace in its extremity and began to break down. The joints became more and more inflamed; the skeleton more damaged especially the spine, knees, and hips through excessive squats, deadlifts, and overhead presses.

It was at this point that I decided to follow a vegan regime and, having recognized the damage done to my body, decided to taper off my weightlifting though I began to do cardio again. Over the next two years my physical capacity deteriorated through veganism (the 'death die-it', prescription of spiritual suicide values manifested in dietary form) and I eventually ceased to lift weights having recourse to body weight resistance and cardio. However even this failed me and the cessation of a vegan diet enabled me to recuperate lost strength.

Conclusion: At present I now look upon the madness of Hell-th as a deliberately created state of chaos the Jewish Cabal created as a means of destroying non-Jews, particularly whites and demoralizing them with the psychopathology of inadequacy through the creation of an ever- developing (devolving into the abyss of materialism) aesthetic ideal: the Bruce Lee orientalism, its superficial mysticism in martial arts and rice diets (the 'China Study' – a study in constructed fallacy) to the picture of Dorian Yates the steroidal Frankenstein's monster of the Jewish Dr. Frankenstein and Mr. Hyde hiding behind the curtain and creating chaos to destroy those who represent a mirror which reminds them of their ugliness. These false idols casting their false light I have thrown down! I have become acquainted with their false promise, their baseness

and stand above them now moving upward on the mount of theurgy towards apotheosis. Perhaps like Icarus my destiny is to plunge from this rocky escarpment but as an Icarian I could do nothing else. As a hyperborean it is my fate to ascend heights – why not be authentic and adopt it as my destiny?

Reader, why not learn from my mistakes and forsake the false religion of narcissism and low- minded materialism which has weighed me down with its leaden chain for so long, leaving me a burnt out wreck of what might have been. The experience lent spiritual strength even as I sacrificed myself to myself on the altar of the god within. Be not beguiled by the deceitful false promises of the Jew but rather follow a natural path of the Aryan towards the summit of this mundane world and beyond

The reader is encouraged to read the work of the author

UBERMENSCH: BECOME A SUPERMAN

which is a compilation of notes and protocols he has compiled as a resultant product of over two decades of research and development as this brief work has shown. It is the author's hope that it will shed some light on the darkness of Jewish disinformation and serve as a guide to the creation of the superman.